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# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 202.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, 26 SEPTEMBER, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## SKETCHES BY JINGO.

### XL.—SCODGER AND THE GHOST.

THE other night a number of the mischievous young bloods of our village were assembled in the "Dancing Demon" public-house—our usual place of resort after the day's toil—discussing the various items of interest which came within reach of our rather limited intelligence, and which might be thought worthy of comment. One of our company was young Scodger, who belonged to the class commonly known as the "City swell clerk," who loves to parade his cheap clothes, paper collars, and shiny cuffs, not forgetting the inseparable walking stick, which forms the "make-up" of those precocious youths who are forced to dress respectably upon starvation wages, and to smile, smirk, and bow before the vulgar presence of their giv'nors, who begrudge them their miserable weekly screw. Amongst the many objectionable characteristics of Scodger was a habit of boasting that nothing on earth, either natural or supernatural, was able to "pnt him out" in the least; and, that he would undertake to "squash" any amount of "spirits," good or evil, which might appear either to or before him. Now, Scodger, as we well knew durst not stay out after nine o'clock p.m.; and as that rather (to us) early hour was fast drawing near, we hastily decided to do our little best to draw Scodger into an argument relative to his vaunted courage, but which we had not as yet had the opportunity to put to the test. He had been bragging even more than usual on the night in question, so that if we had any scheme to bring forward, nothing could be more appropriate than the present opportune time.

In a certain house—the name and locality of which we are bound by a most solemn oath never, no, never! under any circumstances to divulge—a pedlar had, years ago, been most foully murdered by some person or persons, whose love of greed had caused him (or them) to take a human life, and send his soul unprepared before the great Almighty Judge. As a matter of course the house was supposed to be haunted by the pedlar's, "ghost," some even going so far as to say that they had seen the restless spirit themselves; but when closely cross-examined as to the exact day and hour, proved suddenly forgetful, and referred the inquisitor to some other vaguely-mentioned "party." To pretend to young Scodger that he dared not go past the haunted house at a certain hour after dusk had the desired effect of causing him to reply rather hotly that not only would he pass the place, but that for a given sum he would actually pass the night in the particular room supposed to be haunted! Could anything be more propitious than this, our greatest scheme? Hurriedly the challenge was accepted, the money willingly and even eagerly paid into the palm of our hero; and he, whistling merrily, told us that he would the night after make his bed within the four walls of the deserted house. During the whole of the next day, two of the most mischievous of our party were busily engaged in the formation of a few plans which should tend to afford us amusement at the expense of Scodger.

Night approached, and just as twilight had gently deepened into night Scodger, after shaking hands all round, entered the house, and, smiling at the fools who had (as he softly expressed it) so foolishly parted with their money, closed the front door; and silently passed into the interior darkness leading into the parlour, where a fire had been lit for his special comfort by some kind and sympathising friend. Had Scodger but known that two of his boon companions were secreted within a yard and a half from his solitary arm chair, it might have slowly dawned upon him that he was the intended victim of a wicked conspiracy; but no warning voice broke the deathlike stillness which reigned around and upon everything. 'Twas just as the clock from the old village church tolled forth the solemn strokes of the dark midnight hour that Scodger was suddenly aroused

from a fitful doze into which he had fallen, by an apparition which confronted him, whilst an awfully impressive voice slowly said:—

"Scodger, I am the pedlar's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;  
And for the day, confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,  
Are burnt and purged away.  
But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part;  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine!"

As the "ghost" uttered these words, it began to slowly advance into the centre of the room, Scodger meanwhile gazing with protruding eye-balls upon the frightful vision, which appeared to magnetise him, so to speak, and thus preventing him from uttering a single cry for help. To make matters worse for poor Scodger, he found to his astonishment that he could not move from the old arm-chair, the cushion, &c., appearing to cling unto him with the sweet tenacity of the turning mistletoe to the stalwart oak! Still the "ghost" kept on silently advancing, Scodger making frantic efforts to leave the chair; but, no, 'twas not to be, and so, as the chair would not leave him, he was obliged to take it with him, and thus the novel sight of a half-demented youth, rushing round and round the room, with a cozy arm-chair tightly glued to his (Scodger's) well-formed sides, &c., with a horribly, snake-like, fascinating "ghost" following slowly but surely in the rear, was now presented to view! As though by inspiration, Scodger found the use of his tongue, and, O! happy day! how he did yell to be sure. The door opened once more, and behold! three more white-sheeted "ghosts" falling into the curiously revolving procession, the arm-chair bumping at various intervals upon the worm-eaten floor. Scodger shrieked forth to the goblins, who appeared to be closing in upon him:—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
Be ye spirits of health, or goblins damn'd!  
Bring with ye airs from heaven, or blasts from hell!  
Be your intents wicked or charitable?"

For answer the ghosts gave forth a series of demoniac howls, which shook the rafters of the old building, and which so terrified Scodger that having got one of the legs of the ignominious chair, during his peregrinations around the room, fast in a hole in the floor, he wrenched himself free, and with a yell of fear and triumph combined, darted up the spacious chimney, rushed out upon the roof, slipped, and rolled with a swift and regular movement until a huge raintub, which had stood since the time it was put there, received him in its cooling depths of cold rainwater, and all the other attributes of a sudden and rather unexpected ducking. By this time, the whole village was in an uproar. The ominous word "Fire" was whispered from mouth to mouth, and some officious person, thinking to draw the attention of the people to himself, rung the factory bell; this, as a matter of course, brought out the fire brigade, and soon, the crowd had the gratification of seeing all the fun of the fair at a very reasonable cost indeed. Scodger, we may be sure, did not drown in the raintub, but scrambling out as well as he was able, ran home to his almost broken-hearted parents, and was, ere long, sobbing out his grief upon the tender bosom of his beloved mother, who presently shrieked forth to the delight of the surging crowd, which had now gathered all around the door of the "haunted house," that she would have dire revenge for the sorry plight to which her one ewe lamb (suckling calf she might have more truly said) had been reduced, by—but here she stopped, as of course she knew not the exact nature of young Scodger's prostrate condition. By degrees, how-

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ever, it leaked out that he had seen the dreaded pedlar's ghost, and the local papers, with that wonderfully graphic style which forms a part of the well-known perspicacity of the country press, gave a learned disquisition upon ghosts generally and the pedlar's particularly, and sagely asked its readers, through the medium of its brilliantly written "leader," if it wasn't a good and sure sign of the murdered man's being in the realms of heavenly bliss, for, as "out of hell there is no redemption," it would, said the papers (in so many words), have been morally and practically impossible for his "ghost" to have visited the scene of his earthly labours had the devil got the pedlar within his warm embrace. Such being the case, concluded the astute "leader," the public ought to rejoice at the periodical visitation of the "ghost," and take it as an evidence that whilst in the flesh his body had been deprived of life, his spirit was now soaring in those bright celestial regions where happy angels dwell throughout all eternity! 'Tis almost needless to observe that the local papers sold well that week, even though it was whispered that the enterprising editors of the respective papers had gleaned most of the facts which supported their "leaders" from the parlour of the "Dancing Demon," where "our boys" were "interviewed," by the two public magnets of the all-powerful pen. For a week Scodger left not his bed, and when we went in a body to offer our mutual regrets and most soothing condolences, he, like one who had, perhaps, an ill-defined fear that in his visitors he saw or felt the approaches of a number of secret foes, met our advances rather coldly, and actually hinted that "he had his suspicions" of the trick he had been subjected to, but that it would go hard with him if he was not "even" with them before long. Scodger had his revenge, but as the recital thereof deserves especial mention, we shall devote a future number to it, trusting that it will prove a warning to those whose evil propensities lead them to torment their more peaceably inclined neighbours, where the spirit of Christian charity (alas for its rarity!) is not always proof against the machinations of a "monkified" generation of youths, whose "bump" of destructiveness forms a conspicuous "lump" upon their young bullet heads. Such is life—as I find it.

#### A FAREWELL.

"**I** HATE a Pot-companion with a good memoir,"  
Said amiable, potating, Erasmus to More.  
But if you'll list to me I'll do what I can,  
Without maligning or injuring ever a man,  
To relate what occurred at St. George's Canteen,  
On Friday the night of September nineteen;  
The cause I regret, and am sorry to say,  
Owing to two Georgeonians going away,  
Acrossing the ocean on the briny highway;  
More power to their elbows wherever they go,  
Tho' one to Australia the other Mex'o;  
Here's a Pale to their memory and much placebo.  
Such laughing and joking sure never was seen,  
As occurred that night at St. George's Canteen.  
There sat in the corner, near to Barbair,  
The gallant, brave admiral, the great Tomeraire,  
And right before him, in a chair,  
Sat the Doctor, with close cropped hair;  
From his songs I should say he was Irish all out,  
And altho' he was in he is generally out.  
Next was the Cockney emigrant, all from New Cnt,  
From fires for the future I wish him more luck.  
The Churchman and the Curate, too,  
The one who sings loud Tamarhoo.  
And there was the faithful knight  
Who sang the Standard-bearer right.  
And there was the roaring son of a Jewel,  
Who had been to Brighton with one who was cruel.  
There was one who sang Cyder, but prefers Pale  
Or anything else ending in ale.  
And there was Eveliner, knee to knee,  
A sitting opposite Nancy Lee.  
Then we'd a Frenchman and Germans, a crew,  
The first sang a song which sneezed us in two.  
Then came the Bricksetter, who set us all right,  
By making the nattiest speech of the night;  
And by him sat Thomas, vernaly green,  
The cheeriest man that ever was seen.  
And there were the Ducks, our Bill and dear Phil,  
And Lancet, and many whose names I can't tell.  
Many were there, but more away.  
Whom we hope to meet another day.

To All, I say, "May their Summer of life be calm, their Autumn calmer,  
and their Winter never come." Good Bye!

#### ANA.

"Where the Deuce have you found all this Nonsense?" said Cardinal  
d'Este to Ariosto, on presenting his Orlando Furioso.

"Be prepared to hear:

And since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of."—Shakspeare.

#### DE QUINCEY—MAGINN.

**R**ARE! Charles Lever in his *O'Dowderies*, asserts over and over again, that the most agreeable company is Adventurers—under the plea that "the fellows who really enjoy life never have anything." It was under the same view of life that Lord Palmerston, when Premier, being taunted with his fondness for the company of the editor of the *Times* and others, at his assemblies, asked "Where could you find more agreeable or better informed companions?" In the same vein, in one of his speeches, at the old Free Trade Hall, Peter Street, many, many years ago, he denied the truth of the verses of Pope, that

"A little learning is a dang'rous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again."

And he held, in principle, through his speech, with Goethe, that "Art is long, life is short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient," or in the sad, true, beautiful, verses of Juvenal—

"The noiseless foot of Time steals swiftly by,  
And ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh."

Now, as you, Mr. *Jak Daw*, is allowed to be the most Predatory Adventurer of your tribe, amidst all classes, can you tell me what the older Notes and Queries cannot; where, in Manchester, I can see a copy of the "John Bull Magazine," for 1824, containing "The Humbugs of the Age," "de Quincey, No. 1," by Dr. William Maginn, as mentioned in Manchester School Register, Vol. 2, p. 226, of the Chetham Society's publication, 1867? Also, a good life, memoir, &c., of the said Dr. William Maginn, LL.D., of the Trin. Col., Dub., who was a "rantin', tearin', swearin', drinkin', blunderin' Irishmann," who was always getting into scrapes through his attacks on his brother Literists of the day, say from 1819 to his death in 1842. Amongst others, he chaft, unmercifully, the present Premier, in "Fraser," and elsewhere, e.g., "O, reader, dear! do pray look here, and you will spy the curly hair, and forehead fair, and nose so high, and gleaming eye, of Benjamin D'Ira-na-e-li, the wondrous boy, who wrote 'Alroy,' in rhyme and prose, only to show, how long ago, victorious Judah's lion-banner rose."

Maginn was born at Cork, 1793, and died in great distress at Walton-on-the-Thames, Ang., 1842. Thomas de Quincey was born 15th Aug., 1785, in the house now known as the Prince's Tavern, at the corner of John Dalton and Cross Streets, Manchester; married Margaret Simpson at Grasmere Church, 15th February, 1817, and by her had five sons and three daughters; and died 8th December, 1859, at 42, Lothian Street, Edinburgh, and was buried at St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh.

#### A ROYAL QUERY.

"Our Dublin correspondent telegraphs:—'At a temperance concert in Galway, on Thursday evening, a performer, who endeavoured to play 'God save the Queen,' was hooted off the stage. It is stated that several magistrates were present, and no protest was raised.'—*Manchester Guardian*, 20th September.

Does "Empress," "Peace with Honor," at the close of my reign,  
Mean but to be hooted at, o'er and o'er again?  
Take back such Peace and Honour and empty name;  
I'd be a much-loved, honoured Queen again!

#### PAR NOBILE FRATRUM.

Says Beacon to Salsy "We've got in a mull  
At the Cape, in Canada, and at Kabul."  
"Ah!" sighed Salsy, "thro' appointing I fear,  
A Lytton, a Lorne, and Sir Bartle Frere.  
One a weak poet, the other still weaker,  
A theoretical saint, who's but milk and water,  
Instead of adopting the far wiser plan,  
To appoint, in all cases, a practical man.

#### COUPON DINNERS.

FOUR COURSES, 1s., at the ALBERT RESTAURANT, ALBERT BRIDGE. Dinners à la Carte throughout the day. Soup, 4d.; Entrées or Joints, 6d. and 10d.; Chop or Steak, 10d.; Teas, 5d. J. CAVARGNA, General Caterer.

Who is the author of the verses quoted by Sir Wilfred Lawson, at the Liberal meeting at the Tyne Theatre, on Friday, the 19th Sept., 1879:—

"They are slaves who cannot speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who dare not choose  
Hatred, slander, and abuse.  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

Q.

#### WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE MILLIONS?

Apropos of the question, which has again risen, as to what became of the fifteen millions of money which the royal but frugal George III. hoarded up, but which, after his death, so mysteriously disappeared, although the nation had again and again to pay the debts of the Prince Regent, many of which were, indubitably, incurred in representing his father, when he was incapable of performing his duties himself, although he received, nevertheless, the money for the aforesaid non-performed duties. Is not the answer patent? did they not go to where all the hoarded and hording royal millions go?—to Germany. History does indeed repeat, and is repeating, itself; whilst the working millions of the present time are suffering from a dearth of work and bread, should not the Civil List also suffer until happier days come in? the suffering should not be all on one side; whilst the Workers suffer so should the Idlers. There is a great deal of bitter truth in the verses of J. E. Thorold Rogers, at the present hard times, caused in a great measure by the invading host of Foreigners as now in England, both in places high and low.—

"Hither from Hambro', Frankfort, Riga, Kiel,  
From Smyrna, Paris, Athens, thousands steal;  
From Cork, from Glasgow, Dublin, or Belfast,  
Eastward or westward, here they stop at last;  
Half London is a foreign colony,  
Half Liverpool is now, or soon will be;  
Each country under heaven transports its hordes,  
Our servants now, and presently our lords;  
This one is versatile, and that is bold,  
Each with his native brass wins British gold;  
Your Schneider's talk all parallel defies,  
More dark than Hegel, more than Breitmann wise.  
Who are these strangers, what do they profess?  
No bushel hides the light which they possess.  
What do they bring to this benighted land?  
What do they not say, say rather understand?  
Whatever art and science may be known,  
They *vow* they know it, and they know *alone*.  
Give them a chance and trust them for the rest,  
They'll hold their own, and hold it with the best.  
If heaven were worth their pains, or did it pay,  
Through heaven itself these men would force their way."

If war be the sport of kings, queens, emperors, and their ministers, then let the royal privately-hoarded millions pay for their sport. At the present there appears to be in our rulers no more mercy in them than there is "milk in a Royal male tiger." Well might Chancellor Oxenstierna say—"You do not know, my son, how little wisdom is exhibited in ruling mankind."

#### WAR.

"Where'er contending Princes fight,  
For private pique or public right,  
Armies are raised, the fleets are mann'd,  
They combat both by sea and land;  
When after many battles past,  
Both, tired with blows, make peace at last,  
What is it, after all, the people get?  
Why! taxes, widows, wooden legs, and debt."—*Moore*.

#### FRENCHIFIED ENGLISH.

"O matrimony, thou art like to Jeremiah's figs:  
The good are very good, the bad not fit to give to pigs."

In the marriage column of the *Manchester Guardian* for 20th Sept. last, there is recorded the marriages of four ladies, one described as Ellen (Ellie), and three Marys as Pollie, for Elly and Polly. This, I submit, for English girls, is incorrect. Why will English men and women make use of a Frenchism at the ending of their names?—*ie* being in French our *y*;

for we are told in our French Grammar that "most English words ending in *ary*, *ory*, *ey*, *ty*, and *y*, becomes French by changing into *ie*, so that we should not say Bessie, Katie, Nellie, Charlie, Jackie, but Bessy, Katy, Nelly, Charley, Jacky. May all the young ladies named be happy; for

"Marriage is itself, I take it,  
Just as the parties please to make it."

#### GAMBLING.

"The sharp, the black-leg, and the knowing one,  
Livery or lace, the self-same circle run—  
The same the passion, end and means the same—  
Dick and his lordship differ but in name."

Who is the author of this?

Q.

#### FIVE THINGS,

"The Mahomedans say, are known to no Created Beings, only to the Creator: the Time of the Day of Judgment; the Time of Rain; whether an Unborn Child shall be Male or Female; what shall happen To-Morrow; and when any person is to Die."—*The Doctor*.

"Why do we all preach Prudence and dislike it?"—*Goethe*.

"The Preface of a Book is said to be by the Italians, *La salsa del libro*—The salt of the Book."

"The price of Pleasure—is the *Wish* to please."—*Isaac D'Israeli*.

"Peace follows virtue as its sure reward,  
And pleasure brings as surely in her train,  
Remorse, and sorrow, and vindictive pain."—*Crabbe*.

"Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they,—  
Cast thou not them as weeds away,  
Their Heritage a winter's day.

God save the people!"—*Ebenezer Elliott*.

#### IRISH PRIESTS AND THE LAND AGITATION.

PROTESTANTS will be not a little exercised by the spectacle of the position of the Irish priesthood in relation to Mr. Parnell's land agitation in that country. To a broad Christian, the conduct of the priests must be one deserving unqualified approbation. They evidently are determined, that come what may, they will countenance no measures that are not "done decently and in order." Cynical opponents may deny their right to approbation on the ground of supposed selfishness, in the Church having more to expect from the ruling party who profess to love the Bible, than they have from the agitators who appear to be Iconoclasts only. Assuming that this low motive was really the ruling motive of the priesthood, it must be admitted that the courage of the parish priests who face the populace, and, after warnings to desist, go on with the regular services of the sanctuary, betokens the possession of moral courage of the highest order. On Sunday last the Rev. Mr. Flatley, one of the Roman Catholic curates of Tuam, was warned not to perform the full usual service or deliver his sermon, so as to detain his congregation from attending the agrarian meeting in that town. There was even knocking at the chapel door to induce him to desist. Thus attacked, he declared from the altar that he was not hostile to meeting for the reduction of rents, but he was opposed to some of the resolutions which had been passed at Milltown, Clifden and other places, which not only denounced landlords, but ignored the influence of the priests. Of course Protestants will fall foul of this declaration and inquire what right the priests at the church have to interfere in such matters; but this question, to a Catholic, is wholly beside the mark. Romanists believe that soul and body is their concern, and never stop short of both. It is to them a dry religion, which shall feed the soul and starve the body. It is a wide question, which we do not care now to discuss; but this must be admitted by every man of reflection, that the British Parliament is not yet so far lost to the force of reasoning as to deny a united people in their aspirations after free land or a free anything. The Parliament has many sins against Ireland to atone for, but is yet not so bad as that. Thus the priests deserve credit.

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#### TOWN HALL CARILLONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

At 3, 6, 9, and 12 o'clock.

Friday, Sept. 26.—Hanover, or 104th Psalm.  
Saturday, „ 27.—Rule Britannia.  
Sunday, „ 28.—Adeste Fidelis.  
Monday, „ 29.—Auld Lang Syne.  
Tuesday, „ 30.—Drink to me only.  
Wednesday, Oct. 1.—Annie Laurie.  
Thursday, „ 2.—The Banks of Allan Water.

#### CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.—*Boulogne and Sold Again*.  
Prince's Theatre.—*Drink*. Mr. C. Reade's Company.  
Monday.—*Les Cloches de Corneville*.  
Queen's Theatre.—*Lost in London and Sinbad*.  
Free Trade Hall.—Sam Hague's Minstrels.  
Assembly Room.—Herr Dobler.  
Circus, Chapstow Street.—Cooke's Equestrian Troupe. Zulu War.  
Gaiety.—Variety Entertainment.  
People's Concert Hall.—Variety Entertainment.  
Royal Institution.—Exhibition of Paintings.  
Whaite's, Bridge Street.—Exhibition of Water Colours.  
Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens. The Afghan War.

#### CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE *Jackdaw* cordially endorses Sir Wilfred Lawson's idea of a model Cabinet, as given to the good people of Newcastle on Friday last:—Lord Hartington as leader of the House of Commons, Earl Granville as leader of the House of Lords, Lord Derby as Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. To which the *Jackdaw* begs to add—Mr. John Bright as Indian Secretary, Sir William Harcourt as Home Secretary, and Lord Carnarvon for the Colonies. We think such a coalition would bring us “peace with honour” indeed.

SOME of the natives of North Staffordshire are very jocular, and take a very laudable delight in harmless jokes. One of the best “larks” we have seen lately from that district is that of placing a “sleeper” across the North Staffordshire Railway line at Churnett Valley, for the purpose of trying a philosophical experiment as to its effect upon a passenger train at full speed. The experiment, however, did not result in the success anticipated, as the “sleeper” snapped in two and the train passed over the spot safely. No doubt this was very disappointing to the Staffordshire philosophers, and they are now, no doubt, lamenting the fact that they did not try a stronger “sleeper.” We should suggest the next trial they had might be before twelve of Her Majesty's liegemen and a magistrate, or that they laid themselves across the rail. They would, in the latter case, be able to calculate the effect of a collision to a nicety.

A GREAT deal has been done in the right direction lately by the stopping and confiscating certain literature of a doubtful tendency, but much, very much yet remains. Why is the *Police News* allowed to publish with im-

punity the vile insinuations which appeared lately in connection with the portrait of one of the most respected ladies in the metropolis? Why are other newspapers allowed to revel in the most foul manner in the worst element possible to be put into print? Or why should the following paragraph be passed by uncensored in one of our sixpennies?—“It is remarkable, to say the least, that Lord and Lady Lonsdale are never to be found in the same latitude or longitude together. I wonder whether, after all, in spite of a disclaimer by the family, there was truth in a certain statement made three years ago by the editor of Lodge's “Peerage” with respect to a certain private marriage—I will not say whose?” When so-called “society journals” indulge in this kind of innuendo, is it surprising that papers which are published in the kennel follow the lead? Are we in such a state of moral collapse that this incubus cannot be swept away?

THE sixteenth exhibition of water-colour paintings which is now open at Whaite's Fine Art Gallery, Bridge Street, is one of those treats which the sight-seer and lover of the beautiful ought never to miss. It is open daily from ten o'clock until dusk, and will repay a visit from those who look upon a “thing of beauty” as a “joy for ever.” We shall give a detailed sketch of the exhibition in our next week's issue, meanwhile we heartily recommend all readers of the *Jackdaw* to call and judge for themselves.

ARE the barbarians of Asia and Africa teaching Europe the art of war, or has Europe taught it to them? It is singular how ambush and sudden attack, so often practised in “civilised” warfare and spoken of as “strategy” and military “tactics,” become “massacre and treachery” when used by our uncivilised foes.

MR. LIONEL LAWSON, one of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, died last Saturday morning.

WE have received a “caw” (which is evidently intended for poetry) from the “Church Sparrow,” Sale, but as he rhymes “much” with “thrush,” and “farthing” with “starling,” we have forborne to insert it out of consideration for the would-be bard. The *Jackdaw*, however, pats him on the back, and simply says, “Try again.”

WE do not think the Ritualists, who practised their mockery of things holy within the diocese of Durham, will go into mourning for Dr. Baring, their late bishop, who was the sternest enemy of the puerile puppets in England. We only wish there were more prelates like him.

WE rather admire the manner in which the St. Pancras Board of Guardians have taken to settle their little differences. A stand-up fight, fair play, and no favour, sounds very English indeed. But why did “Mrs. Howell” rush between the combatants? Why did not the “board” make a ring and appoint the clerk as referee? Oh if the belligerents had only been paupers now!

#### RUSSIAN DESIGNS.

[FROM THE “REFEREE.”]

THERE'S a bogey called Russia—a terrible wretch—  
Who pursues us wherever we go;  
It has hands which o'er hemispheres easily stretch  
In pursuit of its natural foe.  
No matter what happens abroad or at home,  
If unlucky at once we opine,  
We must write it in red in our history's tome  
As another vile Russian design.  
If a mob which is surly and clamours for pay  
Puts the Envoy of England to death,  
The wise men of Britain are struck with dismay,  
And “It's Russia!” they cry in a breath.  
It was she, without doubt, who the Zulus impelled  
Our beneficent rule to decline;  
And we cried, when bad harvest at home we beheld,  
That of course 'twas a Russian design.  
It was Russia who prompted young Thee Bau to cheek,  
It was Russia who sent all the rain,  
It was Russia who set the Obstructives to speak,  
Driving Brand and Sir Staffy insane;  
It was Russia who murdered Miss Hacker—egad!  
And I'll bet all the money that's mine  
That the thrashing at Elgin the Tories have had  
Is another vile Russian design.

**W. WHITTER,**

PRACTICAL CARRIAGE DESIGNER AND BUILDER, SHAKSPERE CARRIAGE WORKS,  
SHAKSPERE STREET, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.



## THE TWO BISHOPS.

THE two territorial Bishops who represent the two largest individual sections of the Christian church in this neighbourhood (though both together are in a great minority of the whole Christian church of the district) have been having a little disputation about which church possessed Christ, and which courted the favours of the rich. To a non-juror a more savoury subject for discussion could scarcely have been raised, and yet one out of which less profit can arise it is difficult to imagine. Suppose he territorial title-assuming Herbert of Salford shall successfully assail his brother of Manchester with the thesis that in his church the lovely example of the Redeemer is lost upon her people, and in His place the golden calf has been set up, the non-juror would immediately retort upon Herbert—Hide thy black face, for whilst the wretchedly poor flock to thy communion, yet for gorgeous pomp, for the tinsel display of vessels having the reality or the lacquer of gold in their substance, the church of Fraser is immeasurably behind the church of Vaughan. If this costly display has no purpose to serve except the inculcation of the religion of the heart, surely such trappings betoken a strange ignorance of human nature. Then comes the question—Is the Romish Church ignorant of human nature? Decidedly not; the very reverse—it is the perfection of human ingenuity. For its mastery over the untutored, it is without a rival; for its command of the purse of its people, it is certainly not excelled; whilst for its character as a representative of the religion of Christ, rendered without casuistry, its history is one of intolerance and fetters upon all the peoples within the pale of its domination. Then Herbert says that James's Church bars out the poor people, and shuts out Christ. James replies that the description is neither true nor generous. As concerning Christ, James says Herbert means transubstantiation. It is the "mouldy crust" argument, for which Anne Askew lost her life, at the pious instance of her Godly husband—"a soldier and a gentleman"—in that day. We will have nothing to do with the point. If a man finds himself able to believe largely, that point, if accepted, will not give him the colic. That both the Churches are guilty in too little attention being paid to the poor, is a standing rebuke to them both, and until the non-juror seemed likely to take the children off their hands and "give him a Godless education," the rival Bibles were not tired of calling each other black face. They have both neglected to go out into the high-ways and hedges, seeking the halt, the lame, and the blind, saying "Come with us, and we will do thee good." That duty has been left for Methodists, Primitive Methodists, Moravians, and others. Let the two Bishops sheath their swords, and turn them into ploughshares.

## THE WORKHOUSE CONTRACTS.

THE report in last Saturday's *City News* of the usual weekly meeting of the Board of Guardians contains one item of most uncommon interest to both the tradesmen of Manchester and the ratepayers also. The report says that Mr. Berrisford declared he had heard that a certain tender for milk had been allowed to be amended before the tenders as a whole were presented to the general body of Guardians. This statement led to a few inquiries, in which it transpired that the practice of the Workhouse is for "the office" to open all tenders before the time at which the general board assembles. Now, we are not about to insinuate that "the office" is ever guilty of the conduct known by the name of "giving the office" to the tradesman of their choice, but the easy possibility of such an indiscretion must occur to the most casual observer, and is, of itself, suggestive of jobbery. We wonder that "the office" has not long ago declined to be put in such an invidious position. That this particular practice of opening sealed contracts some days prior to the time when they had to be decided upon, and that they should have been opened by "the office"—that is, we presume, a person or persons who would have no direct voice in the ultimate adjudication—is a course of procedure so inexplicable as to pass comprehension. What is the value attaching to the sealing and marking of tenders with such particularity when "the office" will inspect them some days previously to the letting of the contract? Then supposing that "the office" consists of a number of gentlemen of such high moral principle, and of such profound piety, that even the tongue of slander had never been known to utter one syllable of suspicion to them, yet, as men of the world, they ought to know that poor human nature, in the shape of a disappointed milk dealer, or grocer, or spirit dealer, or even a soap merchant, for they must use a lot of soap at that establishment—the University of Soapsuds—would at once say that "the office" had

been given by the office to their successful rival. Consider the anguish that would be saved to the gentlemen of the office if relieved of the odious and suspicious task of opening sealed tenders, and then resisting the allurement held out by Boniface and company who might suddenly discover that their tender needed amending. Besides, speaking practically, there could be no mischief in keeping incorrect tenders—supposing some such had been sent in—until the general board met to adjudicate upon the rival claims. Suppose that William Cowherd sent in a tender for milk, and afterwards found out that Jeremiah Macduff had found "fresh woods and pastures new" from which to draw a supply of milk with 10 per cent less of water in at the same price as Cowherd, what hardship or danger would there be in allowing Cowherd to send in an amended tender, more in harmony with his fresh discoveries, which should not be opened until opened by the general board. But so long as "the office" has put upon them the task of doing the work of the board, and so long as the latter body consist of men so pliant and obedient to "the office," as the average member of the Board of Guardians is now, so long shall we have such awkward questions as those by Mr. Berrisford last week. But suppose "the office" should ever have in it a man who is not of such guileless and unimpeachable innocence as the gentlemen who now adorn "the office," one of the scions of a big family, with brothers and cousins in every branch of trade, from selling matches and shoe laces to making workhouse coffins, what a dreadful state of siege the poor fellow would be in from all these aspirants to the patronage of the Board of Guardians. Flesh and blood could not resist the temptation to inquire in "the office" (quietly) on behalf of Uncle So-and-So, with the pretty daughter. Even grave and reverend seigniors, with bald heads and spectacles,—the class of men who can give poor women such terrible lectures about the atrocity of marrying men who have died and left them with small families, men whose language would lead one to suppose they would have women take aspiring husbands to the surgery, to undergo an ante-mortem examination, from their teeth to the soles of their feet, to learn if they were likely to endure the toils and privations of marital relations—even these exemplary Guardians might breathe more freely if relieved from the badgering of trade acquaintance to bring them a desirable item from "the office." Verily this place is likely to become the Gogoltha of virtue.

## THEATRICAL VERACITY.

THERE was some truth in Mr. Vincent Crummies's announcement of "Real pump! Splendid tubs!" because he had really bought those articles at a sale to be used as properties; and his idea of Mr. "Johnson" singing a comic song on the pony's back, between the acts, had a charming originality about it; but when the "Gaiety Company" are announced to perform their comedy of *Boulogne* in Manchester, as produced at the Gaiety, and under the direction of Mr. John Hollingshead, the public have a right to expect that they shall have the genuine article for their money. A comparison between the two programmes will give the theatrical public a good opportunity of judging for themselves:—

Gaiety Company at the Gaiety, London.		Gaiety Company at the T. R., Manchester.	
<i>Gregoire</i> .....	Mr. Edward Terry	.....	Mr. J. Maclean.
<i>Count Navariski</i> .....	Mr. W. Elton	.....	Mr. F. Hughes.
<i>M. Dessablettes</i> .....	Mr. Fawcett	.....	Mr. E. Alwyn.
<i>Mr. Baggalday</i> .....	Mr. Squire	.....	Mr. Dolby.
<i>Hon. Tom Flimleigh</i> ..	Mr. E. W. Royce	.....	Mr. E. Chessman.
<i>Maivillo</i> .....	Mr. Cruttwell	.....	Mr. Martineau.
<i>Louis</i> .....	Mr. W. Warde	.....	
<i>Superintendent</i> .....	Mr. Burgess	.....	Mr. Burgess.
<i>Francais</i> .....	Mr. Cumming	.....	Mr. Cumming.
<i>Gent. with a Boot-jack</i> ..	Mr. Carney	.....	Mr. Carney.
<i>Greffier</i> .....	Mr. Griffith	.....	Mr. Edmunds.
<i>Legal Official</i> .....	Mr. Cowrick	.....	
<i>Countess Navariski</i> ..	Miss E. Farren	.....	Miss Kate Lawler.
<i>Madame Fiset</i> .....	Mrs. Leigh	.....	Miss Guerin.
<i>Annette</i> .....	Miss Louis	.....	
<i>Polly</i> .....	Miss Wadman	.....	Miss A. Lawler.

Far be it from the *Jackdaw* to detract from the merits of the company now performing at the Royal, but we do think that when we are promised *Boulogne*, as performed at the *Gaiety*, and find that, with the exception of three supernumerary characters, not one single name in the cast corresponds with the *Gaiety*, we have a right to complain.

## BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE

is the best. Recommended by Dr. Hassall, M.D.; also Mrs. Lewis. Analysed by Otto Hehner, F.C.S., and sold in Tins at 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. by all respectable Grocers. Makers—BROOK & CO., 76, Hanover-st., Manchester.

## THE CONFERENCE OF LIBRARIANS

TOOK place in the Town Hall, Albert Square, on Tuesday, 23rd September, being the second annual meeting of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, the first annual meeting having taken place in Oxford, in October, 1878, the first meeting in London, in October, 1877. There was a great falling off in the attendance as compared with the two previous years, doubtless owing to the novelty having worn away. Owing to the unavoidable absence of the President of the Association, J. Winter Jones, Mr. Alderman Baker, vice-president, was unanimously voted to the chair. He opened the proceedings by giving a history of the Free Library movement in Manchester; Messrs. Sutton and Campbell, secretaries of the Local committee, submitted a "Statistical report on the Free Libraries of Great Britain;" Mr. Nicholson, of London, followed by a paper on the "Consolidation of the Public Libraries Act;" Mr. Campbell then submitted a communication on the "Grouping of Places for Library purposes;" a discussion on the paper then ensued. This brought the proceedings of the morning sitting to a close. The afternoon was spent by the members visiting and inspecting the Chetham Library, Owens College, and Town Hall; where afterwards the members re-assembled, the chair being taken by Mr. Clarke, of Edinburgh, when Mr. Alderman Baker read a paper on the successful employment of "Women in Libraries," stating that at the present time they employed thirty-one, whose wages ranged from 10s. to 18s. per week; Mr. W. H. Bailey then read a valuable and suggestive paper on the desirability of "Lectures in Free Libraries," as to the contents; as in a Library a good guide became a greater necessity every year, so as to teach persons how to read and understand the treasures they had at command, he evidently being of opinion that definite and useful reading was one the Finest of Fine Arts.

Mr. Wright, of Plymouth, read a paper on "Public Libraries and Board Schools;" but the Fun of the Fair was reserved for Mr. J. Taylor Kay, Librarian of the Owens College, on the "Provision of Novels in Rate-supported Libraries," which he is reported to have condemned *in toto*, as "Schoolboys or students who took to Novel-reading to any extent never made much progress in life. Novels had done much to lower the tone of society amongst clerks, warehousemen, and school girls, &c., &c., &c., and to create the cynicism, scepticism, and insincerity which was rampant among certain classes. Novel-reading had become a disease, a dissipation, and this dissipation, most librarians of circulating libraries would allow from their experience, was as enchanting and quite as hard to be rid of as other dissipations, and quite as weakening mentally. Manchester had already curtailed its issue of novels," &c., &c., &c.

"Mr. Howorth trusted that none of the prospects shadowed forth in Mr. Kay's paper would become realities, at anyrate during his existence." Bravo, Howorth!

"Mr. Bullen, of the British Museum, remarked that Novels had been his most delightful reading. Why did they seek to prevent the clerk or warehouseman from having recourse to this source of recreation which was open to them? The English people had always been Novel Readers, and why were we in this age to give up that delightful branch of literature?" Three cheers for Bullen!!!

Messrs. Sleigmann, Baker, Christie, and others condemned the paper, and, after much discussion, the motion was negatived by a large majority. The sitting then terminated, the members attending a Soiree at the Free Reference Library, King Street.

Has Mr. Kay ever heard it said, that any—well, let us say one, can find fault, make an assertion, or ask a question, without, personally, being able to remedy the fault, prove the assertion, or answer the question? Does Mr. Kay speak from a personal experience as to the evils of Novel-reading? If so, he should have enlightened the meeting on what and when he was weaned from this enchanting disease and dissipation, as a guidance for others; or, at all events, were he afraid to do this, he might have given a list of authors likely, in his opinion, to be more suitable for the reading of school girls, clerks, warehousemen, and such like weaklings. What were the hobbies of Mr. Kay, say from 16 to 26, if so old? What authors first seduced him from Novel-reading? Again, does Mr. Kay speak from the experience of a husband, father, or bachelor? we should opine from the latter, but if from the second, then depend on't he is, or will be, deceived. He evidently will not, with Churchill,

"Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;  
What's he to me, or I to him?"

Would Mr. Kay banish from all Libraries, such novelists as Charles Lever,

Thackeray, Edgeworth, Porter, Lytton, de Quincy, Isaac D'Israeli, Dickens, Marryat, and a host of others; if so there would be no need of Free Libraries, consequently not a tithe of the Librarians. All cannot be College Librarians, and even Mr. Kay, must admit, if of any ago or experience, and fit to give advice, that all men, even Professors, are shut within the narrow circle of their speciality, the Greek looking down on the Latin, he on the French, the French on the German, and the scientist on the whole boiling, of Philologists only; and the mathematician on the lot; their own speciality being the only real thing worth knowing, in their opinion, and if this be the case amongst men who are said to have what is termed a Liberal Education and understand all the Humanities; then pity the weaknesses and dissipation of the poor "girls, boys, clerks, students, warehousemen, certain classes," and all such like vulgarity. Fie! Mr. Kay, to flatter your Pure, High, Falootin, Collegiate Librarian-ship, with even a thought of the proletariat that visit Free Libraries.

(To be continued next week.)

## NEAR HARLECH, 1879.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF A PEDESTRIAN TOURIST."]

W HAT, is the burden of thy song sustained,  
Sweet streamlet, as thou hurriest on thy way,  
Circling with melody the garden's round,  
And, passing 'neath the shadow of the bridge  
(Whose fringe of pendant creepers, daintily  
Dips in thy darkened waters), dost emerge  
Again into the splendour of the noon?

Perchance a dream of sunny days gone by,  
Possesseth thee; a dream of what hath been.  
Thoughts of thy birthplace, 'mid the silent hills,  
Where thou didst issue to the world of light,  
And didst attune thine earliest murmurings,  
To tell the gladness that possessed thee then!  
Fair shone thy course, translucent, crystalline,  
Or whether thou didst bask in slumberous pools,  
Where mountain Zephyrs fluttered softly by,  
And waked thy slumbers into rippling smiles,  
Or whether, in the torrent's headlong dash,  
Thy voice of many waters thundered loud.

Perchance, thy spirit feels the ocean high,  
And like the swan, expiring with a song,  
Thou singest sweetly ere thy course be run.  
It may be that thou yearnest for the sea,  
From whence, in days forgotten now and dead,  
The alchemy of Nature's processes  
Extracted thee, and gave thee separate form  
Perchance, some mystic instinct whispers thee  
That thy primeval parent longs to clasp  
Thee, his young tuneful child, in the embrace  
Of love, wherewith all nature is endued,  
For Love Divine hath built the world of love.

'Tis so indeed! Thy past and future both,  
Well may'st thou celebrate in song, and yet  
There is an earnest gladness in thy tones,  
That tells a present cause of bliss; not all  
Of ripening hope, or dreamy retrospect.  
'Tis thine to carry health and purity,  
Fertility and beauty, in thy course.  
Not, idly rambling o'er the sunny mead,  
Or, cleaving down the rocky vale thy way,  
To squander useless hours in babblings vain.  
Thou faithfully thy duty dost perform,  
And hence the jubilant music of thy song.

Oh! ye who watch the streamlet's eddying wave,  
And, mutely, listen to its melody!  
Learn ye the lesson that it hath to teach;  
Love what is good and beauteous in the past;  
Turn on the future eyes of hopeful trust;  
But in a present sense of duty live,  
For every passing hour its duty brings.

It is reported of a tub-loving University man who was asked by his examiner, "What was the most remarkable circumstance in the office of the high priest?" that he replied, "He washed his face only once a year."

DID YOU EVER?—Did you ever watch the noiseless movements of a pretty girl's lips as her dress is trodden upon, and marvel at the self-command which enables her to do the situation justice in so quiet a manner? A dozen founts of type wouldn't furnish dashes enough to represent the remarks of the average man under like excitement.

ARONSBERG'S "PERFECTION" SPECTACLES ONLY TO BE HAD AT 12, VICTORIA STREET, AND 103, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

## MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES AND CAPTAIN CAREY.

WHEN the new Afghan Expedition was ordered out, and the fact became known that special correspondents were not allowed to accompany the force, there was a very general regret that Mr. Forbes especially would be debarred from making known the stories of valour and endurance in the field which we instinctively associate with the name of British soldier. Released from labours on the field, that gentleman has taken to lecturing. He appeared in that capacity at Shore-ditch Town Hall on Monday night, to tell the story of the war in Zululand. In commencing, he, as usual, declared he would not introduce debateable matter, and, consequently, would not discuss whether Lord Chelmsford was a hero or a carpet knight. So far, so good; we approve his design—judge then of the surprise of the audience when he stated, further on, that he “would only speak of brave men that evening, and therefore must ask to be excused from saying anything about Captain Carey.” The storm of hisses which then arose was sufficient to teach Mr. Archie Forbes that Englishmen understand when a man has been very unjustly treated in high places, irrespective of the moral question as to his courage. The unfairness of that remark affords an index to the whole of his letters from the Cape, as well as a commentary upon his capacity for judicial investigation of knotty problems. Judging from that remark, we suppose Mr. Forbes would say discretion was not the better part of valour, but that the sailor who sinks with his ship, because he cannot save her, is more to be admired than he who takes the long boat, after all else is lost, and cares for the poor wretches as badly off as himself, as long as supervision will be of service to them. Indeed, in future, for valour, we must understand recklessness; and for a noble death, the useless sacrifice of soldier's lives. This is glory according to Archibald Forbes. Baugh!

## FIRST PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

THE following from the *Notae Atticae* of Aulus Gellius, may be of interest to Bibliolists, and those interested in the meeting of the Library Conference in this city; and may serve as padding to those who are always bewailing, that “they have not time for reading;” and yet term lazy those who do.

“Who first instituted Public Libraries? (Note 1.) The number of books deposited in Public Libraries at Athens before the Persian invasion. Pisistratus, the tyrant (A.C. 527), is said to have been the first who supplied books of the liberal sciences at Athens for public use. Afterwards the Athenians themselves, with great care and pains, increased their number; but all this multitude of books, Xerxes, when he obtained possession of Athens, and burned the whole of the city except the citadel, seized and carried away to Persia. But King Seleneus, who was called Nicanor, many years afterwards, was careful that all of them should be again carried back to Athens. A prodigious number of books were in succeeding times collected by the Ptolemies (Note 2) in Egypt, to the amount of near seven hundred thousand volumes. But in the first Alexandrine war the whole library, during the plunder of the city, was destroyed by fire, not by any concerted design, but accidentally by the auxiliary soldiers.”

Note 1.—PUBLIC LIBRARIES.—That Pisistratus was the first who collected books, seems generally allowed by ancient writers. Before the Theban and Trojan wars (1183 A.C.) we must not look even for books, much less for collection of books. It is singular that Pythagoras forbade his disciples to commit anything to writing, with an exception, I believe, in favour of those who pursued mathematical studies. In Greece were several famous libraries. Clearchus, who was a follower of Plato, founded a magnificent one in Heraclea. There was one in the island of Cnidos. The books of Athens were by Sylla removed to Rome. The public libraries of the Romans were filled with books, not of miscellaneous literature, but were rather political and sacred collections, consisting of what regarded their laws and the ceremonies of their religion. Their private libraries were very splendid and magnificent, as I have elsewhere described.

Note 2.—THE PTOLEMIES.—The Egyptian library was begun by Ptolemy Philadelphus (A.C. 285). It is worth relating of this prince, that when the Athenians were in great distress from a famine, he refused to furnish them with provisions till they should first present him with the original works of their three celebrated tragedians. This library was accidentally burned by Caesar's soldiers, but it was afterwards restored by Antony, who gave it to Cleopatra.

Nothing could be more honorable, or perhaps more useful to a nation, than a great national library. It may be said, that in this country such a

library would be superfluous, as there exists so many valuable and curious collections. This is true, but this is not enough. I know that many such collections exist among us, but I object that they are not sufficiently easy of access. The ingenuous pride and delicacy of a scholar will often make him diffident of applying for books where alone they are to be had; particularly, which is often the case, when the loan of them is considered a great personal obligation.”

“The Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius:” translated into English by the Rev. W. Beloe, F.S.A. J. Johnson, London, 1795; 3 vols. 8vo., No. 9386, Manchester Free Reference Library.

## A FAREWELL TO YOUTH.

OLD Time is on the wing, dear friend,—  
The days, the months, the years;  
No matter how we cling, dear friend,  
Our spring time disappears;  
And youth's fair reign has passed, dear friend,  
As childhood passed before,  
And we have gained at last, dear friend,  
The long expected shore.

'Tis hard to say good-bye, dear friend,  
To all the joys we knew,  
When shadows ne'er were nigh, dear friend,  
To cloud our happy view;  
When our fond hearts were free, dear friend,  
Nor feared to look beyond;  
And we could never see, dear friend,  
The ocean of “despond.”

When through the woods, and fields, dear friend,  
We blithely went our way;  
The bliss that Nature yields, dear friend,  
E'er kept the spirit gay.  
We culled the blooming flowers, dear friend,  
Nor dreamt to see them die;  
But like the sunlit hours, dear friend,  
They passed for ever by.

O, there were bosoms then, dear friend,  
That smoothed our onward way,  
And eyes that ne'er again, dear friend,  
May greet the face of day,  
They passed away from all, dear friend,  
Into the fairer land;  
They fell as all must fall, dear friend,  
Beneath the Reaper's hand.

But memory holds for age, dear friend,  
The lustre of their eyes,  
And we can hear, to-day, dear friend,  
Their loving voices rise.  
But like the flowers that die, dear friend,  
When winter rules amain,  
Heaven's spring-time by-and-by, dear friend,  
Will call them forth again.

But we will not be sad, dear friend,  
For life is not yet o'er;  
Our hearts may still be glad, dear friend,  
As they have been before.  
For manhood is not woe, dear friend,  
And labour may be sweet,  
Though thorns perchance may grow, dear friend,  
About our wandering feet.

We'll work with tireless hands, dear friend,  
And hope shall be our guide;  
The courage that commands, dear friend,  
Shall linger by our side;  
The goal of fair success, dear friend,  
Is not beyond our view;  
The fates will ever bless, dear friend,  
The constant and the true.

So put thy hand in mine, dear friend,  
And I will cling to thee;  
My heart shall e'er be thine, dear friend,  
If thou art true to me;  
And we will live a life, dear friend,  
We shall not blush to own,  
When after all our strife, dear friend,  
We stand before the throne.

T. A.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT. HOPGOOD & CO.'S N. & S. Hair Cream, recommended by Eminent Physicians, for its “surprising and unfailing success,” may be had of all Chemists & Perfumers, at 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 3/6, 5/-, & 11/-. H. & CO.'s Sedative Cold Cream. 6d., 1/-, & 2/6.



## THE POET CLOSE.

WE have incurred the wrath of the venerable bard of Bowness. One of our contributors recently visited the old gentleman, and we have incurred his high displeasure by inserting the correspondent's articles. The following was the address written upon the envelope sent us:—

"To the most talented Editor of that 'Wondrous Comic Serial' entitled—  
*'THE CITY JACKDAW'* (!!!)  
 (A Bird that can warble like a *Canary* and sing like a *Nightingale* ! !)  
 51, Spear Street, Manchester."

[COPY OF LETTER ENCLOSED.]

"19th Sept., 1879.

"Dear Sir,—Mr. Atkinson, Junr., a Poet of great talent, has done me the honor of writing the most clever Critique Burlesque on me that I ever read; and which was the very thing I most wanted, as I am sick of so many fulsome compliments; and hence Mr. Atkinson has done well indeed.

"I am commanded to attend at Camden Place, Chislehurst, to wait upon HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, else I had written a longer letter. Receive my best thanks, "J. CLOSE."

"Excuse my scrawl, I am an 'Old Man,' 60 years of age ! !"

Here are two verses of a poem also enclosed:—

"So like a flower, perish'd in his bloom,  
 A noble Hero—sleeping in the Tomb;  
 Life's Battle's fought: his Armour laid aside,  
 The HOPE OF FRANCE! IN HIM WAS ALL HER PRIDE!  
 Last of a Race renown'd for wisdom great,  
 Last of the GREAT NAPOLEONS—his fate!  
 It was to be! (Wise Men say what you will)—  
 Has been: 'tis past: his Lot did thus—fulfil!  
 Predestination or Free-Will—ye Wesleyans say?  
 He could not help it—and thus was call'd away!  
 It was his Fate—laid down by great Decree,  
 And thus Ordain'd by Heaven's Majesty!  
 A "Worm of Earth!" all men no better are,  
 Albeit in Pride ourselves deem better far!  
 As Worms we Die—until we're rais'd again  
 To "th' Life Immortal" in Heaven to reign;  
 We "die to live again"—we "live to die"—  
 TO LIVE THROUGHOUT A LONG ETERNITY !

"And while She Mourns the Great DEPARTED  
 At Windsor Castle—another QUEEN—  
 And all our ROYAL FAMILY mingle Tears  
 To soothe the ROYAL MOTHER—broken-hearted!  
 Alas! we cannot call them back again!  
 They—SON and FATHER now are both at rest  
 In that blest land where Wars are all unknown,  
 EACH ON A GLORIOUS THRONE FOR EVER BLEST !"

## MUGS AND MORALITY.

[FROM THE "LIVERPOOL LIBERAL REVIEW."]

IF clergymen are to retain the respect which we all wish to pay them, their friends must exert every effort to keep them off School Boards and other public administrative bodies. Their capacity for business is often admirably adapted for the management of saving clubs and the organisation of Sunday school treats; but, speaking generally, it finds quite a sufficient outlet in the petty concerns of parochial work, and is not of a kind which qualifies its possessor for useful participation in larger public affairs. Take the case of the Rev. R. Hughes, who unhappily holds the position of vice-chairman of the Liverpool School Board. There is no reason to doubt that in his own sphere Mr. Hughes is regarded as a perfectly rational man. He can hardly even there be considered remarkable for strength of mind; but still, outside the boardroom, his sanity has never been questioned, and he is really much esteemed. But when he is called upon to take part in the administration of one of the most important Acts ever passed by Parliament, he gets at once hopelessly out of his depth; and promulgates opinions, and raises questions, and fervently proclaims objections, which one instinctively associates with the presidency of a mothers' meeting. On Monday last the School Management Committee brought forward a proposal to provide drinking cups for the lavatory of one of the schools. Mr. Hughes detected incipient immorality in this suggestion, and at once offered a vehement opposition to it. His

argument was brief and simple. If children, he said, acquired the habit of drinking water at all hours of the day, they might learn to drink something stronger! The idea certainly has the merit of uniqueness. Ardent teetotalers are shocked when the taste of alcohol in its mildest form is allowed to pass the lips of a child, because they say it may generate a liking which will at last only find satisfaction in the deadly pungency of ardent spirits. But so far as we know no section of temperance reformers has yet detected a danger in liberal draughts of cold water. Mr. Hughes, however, has developed a new programme. He, apparently, desires to eradicate thirst of every kind from the human system, and, as an experiment in this direction, he proposed on Monday that the children attending Upper Park Street School should be kept without their mugs.

In the opinion of the reverend gentleman "the habit of drinking water at all hours of the day" is an awful vice, which should be discouraged at the very outset. Human nature has many weaknesses, but we never before heard that a morbid indulgence in water was one of them. Mr. Hughes, however, has had special opportunities of studying life; and he solemnly warns his fellow-men against contracting "the habit of drinking water at all hours of the day." In the light of this revelation, the Steble Fountain, which keeps the deadly tempter constantly before the gaze of the multitude, is a dangerous institution, while the many jets through which water is constantly flowing and which also offer a bowl for the accommodation of the passer-by, become fraught with the possibilities of a dismal demoralisation. As Mr. Hughes convincingly puts it, if you drink a glass of water what guarantee is there that you will not learn to drink something stronger? The force of this remark lies in its extreme simplicity, which makes us wonder why it has not occurred to somebody before. For years our leading moralists and reformers have been trying to get at the real bottom and cause of the drink problem. Mr. Hughes, by some happy intuition, has discovered that thirst is the root of all drinking; therefore, abolish thirst. The habit of drinking is formed very early in life; therefore, attack it before it becomes inveterate. An exception must perhaps be made in favour of the mother's milk, but after that do all you can to discourage any infantile weakness for water, and as the little one lifts to its lips a goblet filled with the sparkling beverage of nature, seize hold of the mug gently but firmly, point to the tottering form of the drunkard, and say, in the simple language of Mr. Hughes, "My child, if you were allowed to acquire the habit of drinking water at all times of the day, you might learn to drink something stronger." We cannot doubt that Mr. Hughes's warning will be followed by the immediate establishment of societies for the Eradication of Thirst, and the Prevention of Licentious Indulgence in Cold Water. Meanwhile, the children at the Upper Park School are to have their mugs; and Mr. Hughes will be able to make further observations as to the evils which spring from a free provision of drinking-cups in the lavatories of educational establishments.

ADVICE.—Never make love in a meadow, at least when horse and sheep are about; for if you say "My darling, I adore you!" it's ten to one some elderly bovine will observe "Baah!" and when you ask her to be yours, the old hoss will say "Neigh."

THE woman who works in some honourable way to maintain herself loses none of the dignity nor refinement of true womanhood, and is much more an ornament to her sex than the woman whose days are passed in indolence and indulgence.

## NOTICE TO READERS.

Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagents, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. The Editor does not engage to return MS. unless a stamped envelope be enclosed, nor will he be responsible for their loss, as our waste-paper basket is a large one, and is consigned to the P.D. several times per diem. Neither can we undertake to pay for contributions unless by special arrangement.

"C. M." (Hulme):—Thanks for paper—will appear next week.

"P. W."—Not up to your usual mark.

"J. S." (Eccles):—Essay not up to your usual mark.

"T. A." (Moss Side):—Not having town address we could not send.

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26 SEPTEMBER, 1879.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

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DEAFNESS! DEAFNESS! DEAFNESS!

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—St. Matthew, c. xi, v. 15.

## DENTON'S CELEBRATED REMEDIES FOR DEAFNESS

NOISES IN THE HEAD, GIDDINESS, AND DISCHARGE FROM THE EARS.

Mr. Denton begs to call particular attention to the following Extracts from Letters and Testimonials from some of the persons who have been cured:—

"70, Ashton New Road, November 2nd, 1878.  
Dear Sir,—My conscience will not allow me to postpone any longer tendering to you my most sincere thanks for the wonderful cure you have worked upon me. Your invaluable Preparation has done wonders. In order that this well-merited commendation may be seen to be something more than mere flattery, I will just mention one or two instances illustrative of the improvement of the condition in my sense of hearing. Thanks to you, this sense is now delicate. . . . I would remind you that I have suffered from deafness all my life. By occupation I am a pupil teacher. The noise occasioned by ordinary school duties has been so great of late that I sent a boy the other day for a piece of wool to put in my ears, in order to diminish it. Last Sunday I attended church, as usual, and, although the minister was an Irishman, and, of course, a little imperfect in pronunciation, I heard every word in the whole of his discourse. I am not able to express my gratitude to you, but I will say that I hope you will be long spared to go on in your Christian work of healing and relieving, by your intelligence and experience, the sufferers from this distressing affliction of your fellow-men.

"Yours gratefully,

"ARTHUR WARREN.

"To Mr. Denton."

"Dear Sir,—After being seriously afflicted with Deafness for four or five years, I was induced through a friend to apply to you, and after the period of TWENTY DAYS my hearing was perfectly restored, and I can hear as well as ever I could in my life, for which I am thankful to you, and shall at any time be most happy to recommend any person so afflicted to your care.—Yours respectfully,

"JOHN MOSS."

"My dear Sir,—Having been troubled with Deafness for some years, I mentioned the fact to a friend, and upon his recommendation, I was induced to try your skill, and to my

great astonishment and delight, at the first visit you gave substantial proof of your ability. Unsolicited, I am happy to acquaint you that I can now hear with acuteness, and as well as ever I could in my life. The successful result of your thoroughly practical ability on myself prompts me to recommend you to all who are suffering from Deafness, and I shall only be too glad to give you the opportunity of referring any of your patients for my personal opinion.—Yours ever thankfully,

"Mr. JAS. DENTON."

JOHN HOPWOOD.

"The Station, Pennistone, near Sheffield, Jan. 26th, 1879.  
"Mr. Denton,—Sir,—It is with great pleasure I write to say my hearing has greatly improved by using your remedies for Deafness. I remain,

S. A. VERNON."

One old gentleman in particular, who was 84 years of age, and had been deaf 43 years, was perfectly cured in seven weeks, and he was so overcome with joy and gratitude that he begged of Mr. Denton to be allowed to put the cure in the local papers.

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## RATS—RATS—RATS

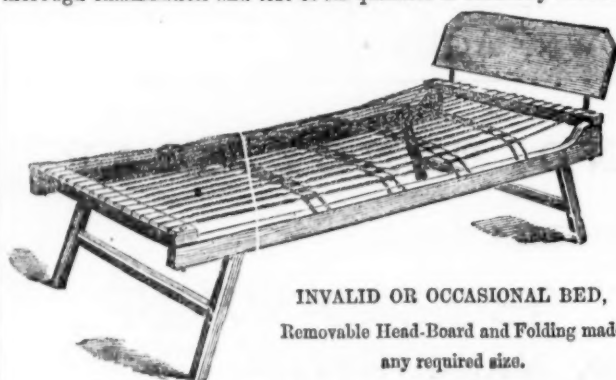
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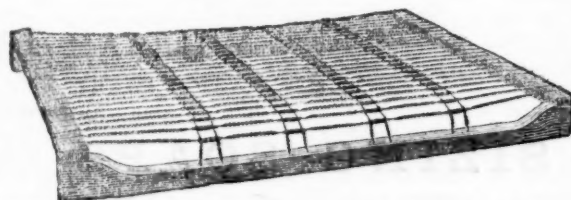
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